

Life

January 16, 1931

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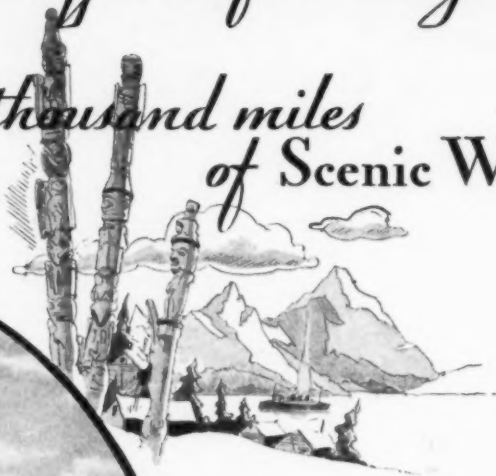
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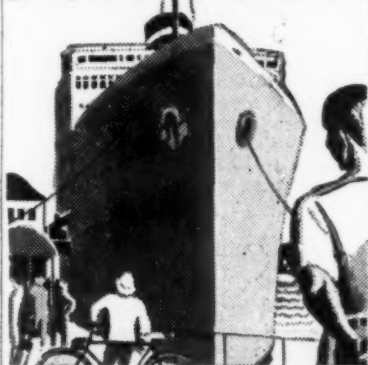
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"The American shies off leisure as if it were a green horse," says Countess Palffy. He didn't shy, lady; he was thrown.

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34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins)
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The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Your mother tells me that as your contribution to the restoration of normal buying you have asked for a twenty-eight dollar pair of riding boots to wear at school. This tells me better than Babson that the country is returning to normal. The first thing you know, you will have the apple sellers off the streets.

And I said, "We'll let her have the boots, not only to start the wheels of industry whirring but because I know you need them. Finishing school without riding boots is like an English novel without a hero named Michael."

But just because I fooled you and agreed to the boots, don't go around trying on aviation helmets.

I am optimistic about 1931. Business cannot help getting better. People eventually will quit discussing Sinclair Lewis and begin waiting on their customers. However, I am forced to remind you that I am just a poor brick manufacturer. Sometimes you children act as if I owned a Greek shoe shine parlor or some other essential business.

Enclosed is your allowance check. I want you to stretch it just as if you were the daughter of a piano dealer.

Your Affectionate Father,
MCREADY HUSTON.

New Worry

The new noiseless typewriters may be a success, but many an executive will become a nervous wreck from wondering if his secretary in the adjoining office is at work.

That Depression

"In 1930," we read in a medical journal, "there were 130,000,000 days of illness on record in the United States." It did seem like a long year.

Up and at 'Em!

"I've solved the mystery of what a hotel means when it advertises 'rooms \$1 and up.'"

"What is it?"

"I got one of the dollar rooms and was up all night."



AN IMPORTANT POLL

ARE YOU confused about the best way to care for your teeth and gums? If you are, it's only natural. There are so many confusing theories and a dentifrice for every theory.

But now read what the real authorities say, the dentists themselves! Here is a summary of the answers to a questionnaire sent by a prominent research institution to 50,000 practicing dentists:

95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% of the answers agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Isn't this real assurance that Squibb Dental Cream will protect your teeth and gums? Isn't it a tribute to the Squibb formula? For Squibb's is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's gives teeth a delightful luster — without the use of grit or astringents or anything which might injure. Keeps the mouth fresh. Adds to the pleasure of smoking. Try it. Begin tomorrow.

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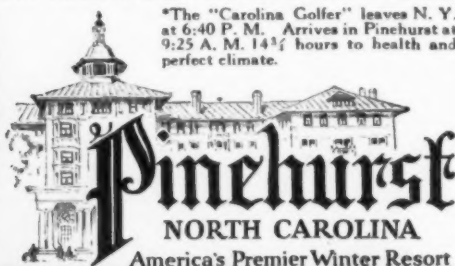
A WINTER PARADISE FOR SPORT LOVERS

Rest and Pleasure So Near At Hand

A few hours' trip* brings you to the quiet restfulness of the Pine Needles Inn at Pinchurst, N. C.

The Pine Needles is the South's latest word in hotel luxury. It has its own private tennis courts, Donald J. Ross golf course, bridle paths and a stable full of fine horses for the exclusive use of its guests. No waiting on the tees or elsewhere. Yet all of Pinchurst's additional facilities for sport, including five other famous Ross courses, are at your disposal as well.

Pine Needles Inn opens Jan. 24. The Carolina Hotel and New Holly Inn are already open.



*The "Carolina Golfer" leaves N. Y. at 6:40 P. M. Arrives in Pinchurst at 9:25 A. M. 14½ hours to health and perfect climate.

Flying and Fleeing

A giant plane under construction in Germany is said to be a flying hotel. It will interest the man who can't pay his bill. Instead of running away he can let the hotel do it.

The Age of Jazz

"What is known as modern jazz was played by prehistoric races 7000 years ago," says a music critic. This will cause many of us to long for the good old days of 7001 years ago.

Archives

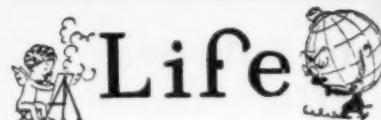
A mathematician claims he used Einstein's newest theory in a magazine article twenty years ago. Next time we are in a doctor's waiting room we shall look it up.

Achievement

By study deep of gangster plays,
And listening-in at public places,
Much frequenting of hot-dog stands,
Attending horse and motor races,
I've attained to language modernistic,
By mere process of attrition
Achieved new brevity in speech,
Realized my life's ambition.

By the use of proper intonations,
From all rules of syntax am I free,
Few and simple are my phrases,
But expressive, snappy as can be.
Thus, to show the keenest admiration—
I ejaculate, "That's swell!"
While all the "guys" I know are
"regular"
And all "Big Shots" as well.

Curt my words in disagreement,
All I need is, "Cut it out!"
No noisy "bozo" can "lip" me any
Since I've learned my way about.
When I carry on a conversation,
"Yeah?" or "Yeah!" is all I say,
Or remark, in quite expansive mo-
ments,
"Okay, Baby, 'at's okay!"
—L. J. M.



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POETICAL PETE

*It saddens me to look around
Among my friends and see
How nearly everybody seems
Intolerant but me.*

Life



Another Hoover Dam.

The Telephone and You

Some moments ago the telephone rang. A voice said, "Hello, who is this?" Would you have given your name? I didn't give mine.

According to the census the voice belonged to some one of more than one hundred million persons, most of whom are strangers.

Without a word I hung up. This was in compliance with the first rule we made when months ago we directed our efforts toward improving the telephone service. Since the rule was formed we have added others until our telephone has become almost a pleasure.

Pioneering as we are in this great movement our system is far from complete, but certain parts of it have developed to where they may be used in your home, too.

The rule given above, of course, amounts to little. Anyone can place a receiver back on its hook without saying a word. It simply saves you from explaining you are not Rosie, the butcher shop, Mr. Wogg, the hand laundry or perhaps Miss Fiditch.

Here is a more complicated situation. You are playing bridge. The telephone is in an adjoining room. It rings. You excuse yourself and answer it. This leaves three persons at the bridge table, listening. The call is for you. What do you say first?

If you have one ounce of consideration for your bridge guests your very first sentence will contain the name of the person to whom you are talking. If it is Aunt Agatha Smeets, by all means say, "Oh, hello there, Aunt Agatha Smeets." And you might add, "You say you are not coming over but are just calling to ask how much juniper juice to put in four quarts?" Then the strain at the bridge table is relieved. The three there know it is Aunt Agatha and why she is calling. They can ignore your conversation and begin theirs.

Imagine their plight if you said: "Oh, hello. How are you? You can't? You say four quarts? Four quarts?" It is too tantalizing. At all times the person answering the telephone must mention the name of who is calling and why.

Here is another situation. The telephone rings. You answer it. No, wait. I'll answer it this time. I answer the telephone and a voice, obviously that of someone's secretary, says, "Is this Mr. Sims?" I admit that it is.

The secretary says, "Hold the wire, please. Mr. Omniport wishes to speak with you." I sit there two or three minutes and finally Mr. Omniport is put on the wire. Do I say, "Oh, hello there, Omniport?"

I do not. In a falsetto which practice has made perfect I say, "Is this Mr. Omniport? Just a moment, Mr. Omniport, and I'll put Mr. Sims on the wire." Then I sit there and gaze tranquilly about the room, notice how the cactus is getting along, cast an appraising eye at the narcissus buds, look out the window at the trees, and finally say in my natural voice, "Oh, hello there, Omniport."

If you find it difficult to develop a falsetto, listen to Billie Jones and Ernie Hare on the radio, and learn how in ten easy listens.

Here is a situation we all must face. Suppose, after you already have ordered the roast, the intended guest telephones

to say he has a cold and will be unable to come for dinner?

You must answer the telephone when it rings. It might be the butcher calling to say the roast won't be there. Our plan, after the roast has been ordered, is to go to the telephone with a noncommittal "ullo." Then, if it is the intended guest and he begins coughing or hesitates as if he is about to make excuses, we break in with a string of "ullos" and in answer to all questions say, "I tella you Rosie no here; she worka out."

The intended guest hangs up. We talk it over. If we decide we can eat the roast by ourselves we let the intended guest make his excuses when he calls back. If we decide the roast is too large for us we say, every time the intended guest tries to get us during the day, "I tella you the lasta time Rosie she worka out." And we hang up.
—Tom Sims.



"So you are through crying, are you, Martha-Louise?"
"Well, I'm having my lunch now."

Letters From the Tropics

Miss Grayce Collins
The Towers
Great Neck, Long Island,
New York.

Dearest Grayce:

Well, here I am in the tropics and I miss you, Grayce. I have been down to the mailboat every day looking for a letter from you; three miles each way through the rain (it rains here all of the time during the rainy season), so you know I love you. Next year I may be able to afford a Number One boy who will go for the mail, the advancements are slow here though and it looks as though I wouldn't be able to send for you for some time yet.

Some of the fellows here have "gone native" and taken up with the girls, but I think of you constantly, so any such nonsense is immediately put out of my mind. You can purchase a "wife" for an old flannel shirt, but none of that for me, no dear.

I hope that you are thinking of me and keeping your love inviolate for me as I am for you. I would hate to think that there was anyone else while I was away.

I am writing this by moonlight and I love you and write to me often because I love to hear from you and keep away from that Charlie Grayson fellow.

Well, I guess that is all I can write tonight.

Love and kisses from your own,
WILLIAM.

...

Charlie Grayson
Greybar Building
New York City.

Dear Charlie:

Oh Boy, this is some hot place! It rains all of the time but Sadie Thompson got along okay, didn't she, kid!

There is a great bunch of guys here and we play stud and showdown and drink Daiquiris by the gallon!

And the babes, the jeunes filles! the wenches! I've a honey by the name



of Loulou. She's a fine gal with a swell mind. And when she shakes that mind at me, oh baby!

You can turn your old flannel shirts into wives here. Laugh that off!

I'm drinking one to you and the gang at Tony's. You poor unlucky stiff!

Your old pal,

BILL.

...

Mrs. R. B. Engers
29-35 East 39th St.
Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Mother:

Well, your son is in the tropics at last.

It is beautiful here, although it rains all day long because it is the rainy season here now.

When I have a chance to become better acclimated here I will have more to write.

I shall be happy to have letters from you and the rest of the family, as the mail delivery is quite an event here.

With much love to you and the rest of the family, I am,

Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

P. S. It has been rather chilly here of late. I could use two or three of those old flannel shirts very nicely.

WILLIAM.



"The little darling! He knows we're looking at him."

What To Do When the Bank Fails

Assume horrified expression upon reading the announcement in the newspaper. Mutter savagely.

Hurry to bank and join crowd milling around the door. Mill furiously yourself.

Make your way through the throng to one of the bank windows. Peer inside, and, if unobserved, shake your fist. Be discreet about this, though, because one of the vice-presidents might see you, and you may have to apply to him for a loan sometime in the future.

Hang your head in despair and go

on to your office. Set jaw firmly and stare fixedly into space.

Square your shoulders with an obvious effort as you enter your office. Assume an expression indicating your unconsciousness of the fact that all eyes are fixed pityingly upon you. Conceal your disappointment when you find that they are not.

Stare vacantly at the telephone operator until she asks you in some alarm what is the matter with you. Start violently and mutter, "My bank has failed!"

Proceed to your own office, your tread manfully firm but your eyes downcast. Mutter over and over, "My bank has failed!" Make this sound as

if you are talking to yourself in your anguish, but pitch it loud enough so that everyone will hear.

Enter your own office and sink wearily into your chair. Accept the expressions of regret voiced by your office associates with wanly grateful glances but let your trembling voice convey a definite impression of the strain under which you are laboring.

Just sit, doing no work, and when a superior asks you what the so-and-so is the matter with you, lift pleading eyes and say, "My bank failed this morning." Conceal your triumphant smile when he backs away with little clucks of sympathy and without a word of reproach for your idleness.

Go out to lunch as usual, seeking a place where you will find many acquaintances. Tell them about it, too.

Return to your office and leaf through your unpaid bills. Smile cryptically, shrug your shoulders, and throw the bills into the wastebasket.

At 3:30 P. M., jump up abruptly and leave the office, your mien indicating that you can stand it no longer. Shake off the hands which would restrain you from doing anything "rash."

Go home to a quiet, sleepy evening by your fireside, happy in the thought that you were overdrawn at the bank anyway.

—John C. Emery.



Ghastly Thought

"Is it not possible you will next prohibit spinach?" asks G. K. Chesterton. We shudder at the thought of what spinach bootleggers would sell as the real goods.

Handy Clue

During a scuffle a Cleveland man bit off a burglar's little finger. Cleveland officers are on the lookout for the rest.

Mutual Interests

The New Jersey judge who ruled that the eighteenth amendment was not properly ratified should have a bodyguard. The W. C. T. U. or Al Capone might get him.



SINBAD
Snow bound!

(7)

The Care and Feeding of Debutantes

By JACK CLUETT.

CHAPTER III.

STERILIZED MILK.

Will milk which has been sterilized keep indefinitely?

No; there is always a fresh batch of germs around the icebox waiting to jump into the milk as soon as it gets cool. The instant the temperature of the milk drops the good news spreads by word of mouth from one germ to another. Jerry Croup tells Ronald Rash and Ronald Rash tells Mabel Measles, and before you can do anything about it, they're all swimming around, splashing milk at each other and multiplying like nobody's business. By six o'clock it's worse than the Shelton Pool.

Is milk which has been sterilized always a safe food?

No; because baby and the germs like their milk about the same temperature.



You'd think that when baby started to take her bottle the germs would scamper ashore and get dressed, but they don't.

Is milk in any way injured by heating to 212° F.?

Only if it bubbles over onto the stove. In this case it becomes mixed in with bacon grease and stove polish, which greatly injures its nutritive properties.

When is it advantageous to heat milk to 212° F.?

When you want some soft boiled eggs.

CASEIN MILK.

How is casein milk (curds and spades) prepared?

One quart of whole milk is coagulated by rennet (unless it's rennet's day out), the whey is then skimmed off in a scooper and thrown out. The curd is carefully rubbed through a fine wire sifter and, then, just as carefully

rubber back again. Enough water is then added to make the whole thing sudsy.

Give proper diet for an average healthy debutante of twelve months.

6:30 A. M. Milk, until the nipple begins to whistle and baby goes back to sleep.

9:00 A. M. The leg of a rubber chicken that speaks.

10:00 A. M. The top off a powder box diluted with ten or twelve ounces of fuzz off a wool blanket.

2:00 P. M. The edge of a bib saturated with beef juice.

6:00 P. M. A small pearl shoe button or the eye out of a teddy bear.

10:00 P. M. A safety pin diluted with the corner of a pillow which has been soaked in lime water or gruel. A thumb may be given just before retiring.

How should the bottle be prepared at feeding time?

It should be taken from the ice chest (if it isn't in the ice chest, put it in there), and warmed by standing in warm water deep enough to seep in through cotton stopper; it should then be thoroughly shaken until the nurse becomes warm.

What is a simple contrivance for keeping the milk warm during feeding?

A small flannel bag with a draw string may be slipped over the infant's



head. The nurse can keep warm by skipping rope.

In what position should an infant take its bottle?

It is usually better for a young infant to be placed right side up so the milk will flow into it by gravity. The bottle should be held by the nurse and tipped from time to time so that the child gets a larger percentage of milk than air. (If the child gets all air and no milk the bottle will emit a kind of whistle and the child will get red

in the face.) The bottle should be removed as soon as it has been emptied, or emptied as soon as it has been removed. The thumb should now be placed in the child's mouth as a sort of reward.

How often should a debutante be fed?

At the end of 216 months, every time she opens her mouth. During



this trying period she ought to be handed a menu at least six times from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M. and only expensive, un nourishing food should be ordered.

Schedule for feeding healthy infants from 216 to 252 months old.

This schedule will be found in the appendix, if you don't mind poking around there for it.

May a well baby go without food from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m.?

She may—if she's in a coma. But if she wakes up suddenly she'll probably creep over to Reuben's for a turkey-leg (\$1.25).

Does all cow's milk contain germs?

Yes; milk consists of fat, sugar, proteids and germs. The fat is the cream, the sugar is lactose, the proteids are the little bubbles that stick to the glass and the germs are measles, thrush, dandruff and whoopee cough.

What are two methods of heating milk?

The first is known as *sterilizing*, in which the cow is put down in the furnace room for one hour or one hour and a half until she starts to moo; the second is known as *pasteurizing* and was discovered by an Indian (Sitting Posture) who wanted some hot milk for his papoose but didn't have any matches. So he twirled the milk bottle rapidly between a stick of dry wood until it got hot. Borrowing this invention from the Indians, modern science now attains the same result by pouring the milk over red hot bricks until it begins to sizzle. In this way the harmful bacteria are eliminated, along with the fat, sugar, proteids and salts, leaving only the pure milk vapor, or pasteurized steam.



"How long are you in for?"
 "Life."
 "How about a permanent wave?"

With All Due Caution

Let's hope the talkie ad writers don't follow the example of several famous football coaches last fall who always predicted defeat for their teams when future opponents appeared to have the slightest chance. Can you imagine what the ads would be like if they did?—

"Buttered Side Down May Be A Success"

"If you haven't anything better to do don't fail to see *Buttered Side Down*, Metramount's newest super-musical opening today at the *Leviathan*. There's a chance that this film may go over big, although the critics at the pre-views weren't over-enthusiastic.

"Of course we don't claim it is as good as the Vitafox picture, *Whoopa-doopa* now showing at the Supreme because naturally Gus Grippem in *Buttered Side Down* can hardly expect to compete with *Whoopa-doopa's* Joe Gloomch as a comedian. However, our chorus can be expected to give a good account of itself, and there's a chance that our featured song may be a hit. We've worked hard enough on it.

"We don't claim that *Buttered Side Down* will run solid for the next six years, but with decent breaks, and provided the public is as easy to fool as usual, it ought to amble along for a week or two. Take a chance and look it over. If you don't like it there are always other films you can see."

—Parke Cummings.

Post Script

Little did I think or know;
 Never did I worry . . .
 That you'd be the first to go;
 Leave in such a hurry!

Every lesson learned, I've paid;
 None, I'm sure, were missing . . .
 When a Judas has betrayed,
I have done the kissing!

Surely then, there's some mistake,
 Better see it mended . . .
 My old heart's too tough to break,
 If that's what you intended!

—E. L.

Disaster

"Boggs has just suffered a terrible financial setback."

"How come?"

"Somebody died and left him a farm."



"Aw, this is nothin'. You shoulda seen the blizzard back in '30!"



Life Looks About

Mr. Coolidge on Wheat

SOMEBODY reads Mr. Coolidge's paragraphs. When he says something unexpected it becomes promptly and widely known. For example, when he declared a complete lack of confidence in the wheat-boosting policy of the present administration all the newspapers took notice.

Mr. Coolidge, though he doubtless wants to relieve distress and have even the farmers prosperous and happy, does not seem to believe in interfering overmuch with the apparent dispositions of Providence except perhaps for the benefit of New England manufacturers. He disapproves of blowing in another one hundred and fifty million dollars to peg the price of wheat, but does anyone recall protest from him against even the last calamitous tariff bill? When he was President, in the exercise of statutory authority, he took the tariff off of quail, but quail cannot yet be made successfully in factories anyhow. However, it is something that Mr. Coolidge should talk what sounds like sense about wheat pegging.

Another matter he discusses in another paragraph is unemployment insurance, which he says would be difficult for reasons which he gives. He goes on to say: "If when unemployed he (the workman) is to receive something he did not pay for, no one could say how that would affect the will of the wage earner to hold his own by doing his best."

The Gentlemen Plough

ROBERT OWEN, a highly successful Scotch manufacturer and the founder of English socialism, had it deeply in his heart to improve the condition of working people. To that end he bought land in southern Indiana and

in 1826 established a settlement there which he called New Harmony. It was well planned and financed, for he was an able administrator and had plenty of money, but after two years it broke down as a business organization, though the village went on. According to his granddaughter, the chief cause of failure was that the laborers in the community refused to do any work when they found their wants provided for. "Hence at the last all the work fell on the ladies and gentlemen and the mental responsibilities for which they were fitted had to be neglected." Mr. Owen's son, Robert Dale Owen, an able man and Member of Congress in the late forties, edited the community's newspaper, but when the ploughmen refused to plough the editor had to plough while the ploughman did nothing.

Saving the World

COMMUNITIES where everybody is provided for on the basis of more or less equality do not seem to last. Tammany Hall is still successful, but it is not a community of quite that sort. The vast experiment in Russia has not collapsed yet, but then it is only beginning. Everybody is so poor in Russia that by general consent disturbance seems to be postponed until there is something to be had by fighting for it. Even dogs would hardly fight for a bone with no meat on it.

The improvement of mankind seems to be a very individual job. We know that individuals can be improved so you would not know them—their characters changed, their health improved, their feet taught to tread new paths—but to make a machine in the hopper of which faulty human beings can be dropped to come out regenerated at the spout—that is another matter and surprisingly difficult. Something of that sort can be done. Life goes better for a while anyhow under the guidance of what seems to be enlightenment. Civilization is not worthless, oh no! but it is imperfect and keeps better buried than it does on the surface of the earth.

The truth is that the general arrangement which we find operating in this

world for inducing progress in human beings, developing their characters and discouraging them from laziness and all the miscellanies of the process of degeneration are really much harder to beat than most reformers suspect. All our misleading propensities—rum, sex, avarice, and the like—seems to have in them indispensable germs of usefulness. What nowadays we politely call sex is a primary indispensable. Rum seems to be more nearly so than people suppose, and without avarice, which is now in process of attempted extirpation in Russia, no one would save anything for a rainy day.

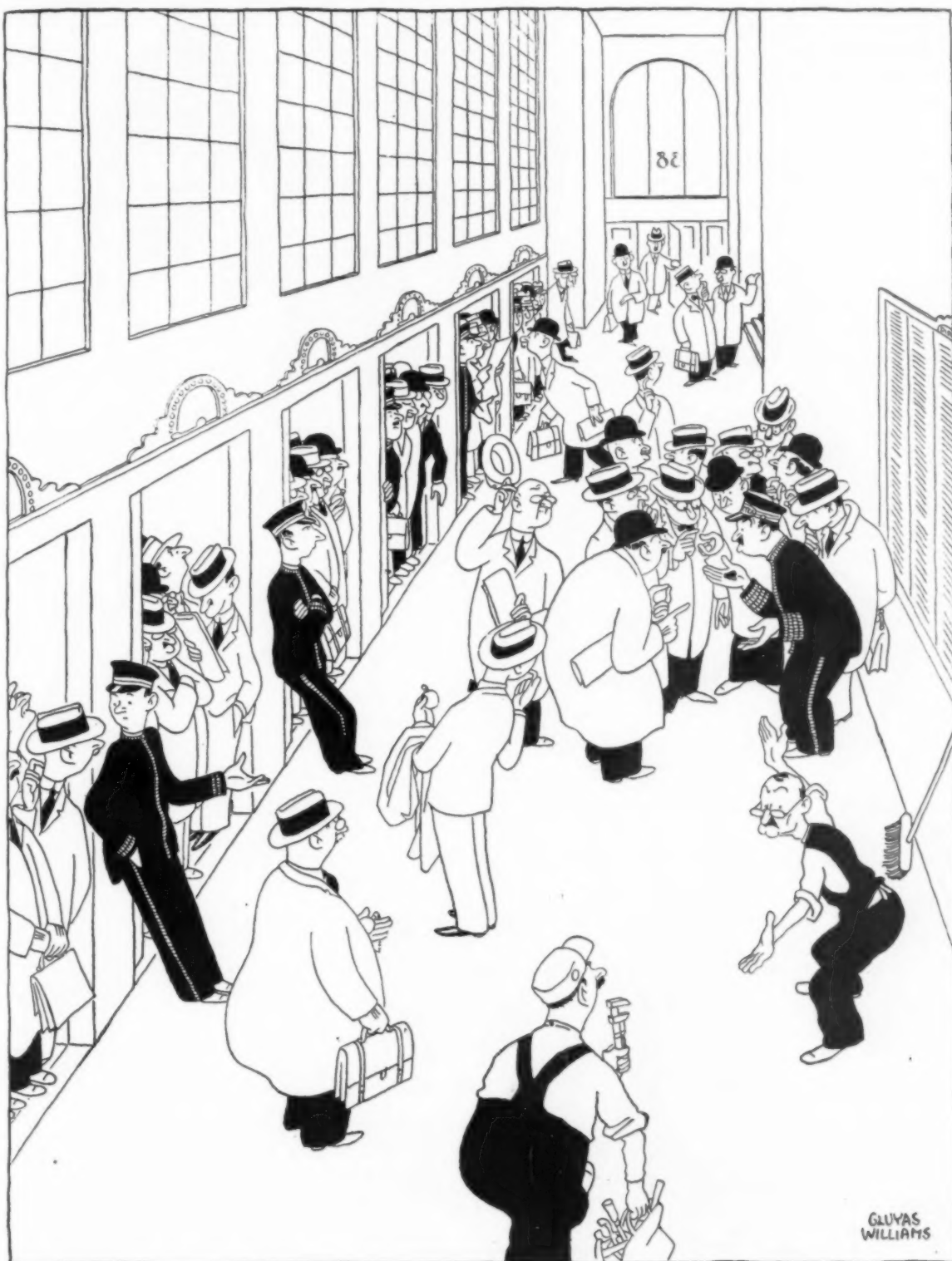
Reformers therefore are apt to find themselves in the position of such innovators as introduce rabbits into Australia or new bugs or animals or remedies of any kind into a country where they did not exist before. They are likely to upset the careful balance of forces which has slowly come to pass by practical experiment. Prohibition, for example, has done this very thing. Seeking to destroy one evil it has brought on others which are worse. Possibly the demonetization of silver is another like case. Perhaps when everything else has been tried we shall fall back on religion, but there are difficulties about that, for apparently it has to be organized and when fully organized for efficiency it is very liable to go a bit crazy.

So the improvement of human life on a large scale is highly perplexing, though happily for individuals it is simple enough and goes on all the time. It is in the improvement of individuals that the world's best hope lies.

The local Commander of the American Legion in New York charges that the Salvation Army in distributing funds provided for general relief has not given members of the Legion a fair deal.

The Salvation Army denies this charge and says the Legion wants to handle a share of the funds entrusted to the Salvation Army.

It is not quite clear why the Salvation Army, whose job is to distribute funds to the distressed, should recognize any other organization as such, though it may well use and cooperate with any organization it trusts and finds convenient. —E. S. Martin.



The Elevator Starter's Little Snapper Gets Out of Order.

This Age We Live In

It is not a laughing age.
Notice how little laughter
you hear on the streets.

—Sherwood Anderson.

This is not a bathing age, either. Notice how little bathing you see on the streets. It is a swearing age apparently. You hear that on the streets. An eating age. You can see that going on. A gum-chewing age. A shopping age, certainly. A loafing age, most certainly. It is even a shooting age. But it is not a dancing age. It is not a card-playing age. Or a fishing age. It is not much of a sleeping age. It is only slightly a loving age. And it is decidedly not a reading age. Notice how few people you see reading Sherwood Anderson on the streets.

—W. W. Scott.



"Well, well, if it isn't the old heart-breaker in person!"



"Ah, Tony, one granda country—putsa garlic in da alcohol."

Panorama

A blond young god was the first custodian
Of my heart . . . he played in Nickelodeon;
He beat the drum in the grandest fashion . . .
My soul, just six, knew its first mad passion.

I loved him well . . . until eight and a half,
When an Irish cop with the merriest laugh
Won my heart away . . . but broke up my life!
He thought me too young for a policeman's wife.

For many years I was through with men . . .
And it wasn't until I was way past ten
That my heart cracked up like a falling star
O'er a middle-aged motorman of a trolley car!

So burned was I . . . that I raised a ban . . .
Oh, not for me some ordinary man!
I dreamed each night of the handsomest fellow,
A movie idol named Maurice Costello.

But I was quite true through my middle teens
To the Army, the Navy and the U. S. Marines . . .
And I wound up at twenty by taking a fling
With a guy who did nothing but sing, sing, sing.

From then on my picture's as mixed up as Freud!
Times six up to sixty my heart's been destroyed!
And now that I'm old . . . I still haven't sense . . .
So, I'm turning hard-boiled . . . in pure self-defence!

—E. L.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

DECEMBER 25—Christmas gone, thank God, and with no casualties save that I tried to shake hands with a servant whom my myopic vision caused me to mistake for our host, but that was not a patch on what befell my sister-in-law, who, engrossed in conversation, helped herself to a whole lobster when she was supposed to remove only a modest tablespoon or two of its stuffing, so that some of the other guests went a bit short, and her embarrassment was the greatest that ever she had in her life, for when she looked down at her plate the fish seemed to have hair, nails, eyes, and teeth by way of an Alice-in-Wonderland reproach, but I did not blame her at all, for I think that such apparent *gaucheries* are always the fault of pantrymen who have spent too much time over pictorial cookery. Lord! in a house where the service is easy and accurate it would be impossible for a backwoodsman to make a table error, and I am constantly amazed at the faulty arrangement of silver by servants whose monthly wage probably exceeds that of several of the guests. My own *bete noir* in this connection is the placing of a shallow fruit plate underneath a fingerbowl, for I do invariably remove it with the doily, and find myself coping later with a superfluity of sauce on a porcelain surface which is far too flat, but I have never gone to the lengths of the man who ate one of Lillian Greey's most costly wisps of Brussels lace with his ice cream. My presents this year did please me more than usual, in especial the jeweled clasp which Sam gave me for my hair and the backgammon table with the points painted on it exactly the right size, nor was I downhearted to behold the bath towel simulating a five dollar bill which C. Dodds, the old zany, sent me in a Cartier box, albeit if he lives to the century mark he will never be able to equal the Madonna which he had painted for me in Spain on a similar piece of Turkish cloth. Most of the day gone in paying and receiving friendly visits, and then to dine with Susan and Stephen Clark, and never have I seen gala decorations in better taste, for outside the door were two small glowing Christmas trees, and the walls of the halls and drawing-room were covered with silver foliage. A

fine meal too, of clear soup, scalloped oysters, turkey, peas, sweet potatoes, alligator pear salad, and four kinds of dessert, of which I chose ice cream. And afterwards we went aloft to the room which the Speichers have done to enshrine Stephen's Matisses, and albeit pictures mean little to me, I was entranced by the furniture, which has been chosen to reflect their gay coloring, in especial one sofa upholstered in blue brocade with gay polka dots appliquéd on the material. If I am to set down my actual thoughts about these modernistic paintings which collectors and connoisseurs travel miles to view, I should say that they look very much like what I myself did in colored crayons as a child, for I do not belong

to the psychological school which most admires what least it comprehends. A few rubbers of bridge, playing with Cal Saunders, with whom it would ordinarily be easy to defeat Mr. Whitehead and Sidney Lenz, but we held nought, not even in the goulashes, so that Stephen and George Green took most of the money in our purses. At midnight to the Mansfield Theatre, where Rowland Stebbins had bidden us to watch the antics of the juveniles in "The Green Pastures." It was pleasant on Christmas night to see Rowland, Marc, Harold Ross, Mim Doyle, etc., and even C. Dodds was there, and sat on his top hat to its utter devastation, making a pleasing finish to a perfect day.



"No! Absolutely no! It would be a reflection on my name!"

Figure It Out

Fothergill, the famous comic artist, stalked into his foyer and threw a pile of drawings on the radiator cover. He kicked at the cat that came purring to greet him. He swore a seaman's oath because his pipe was not immediately at arm's reach. Wifely lips awaiting a kiss he avoided with a growl. In the living-room he tried the radio only to shut it off after an irritated moment or two. He tried a scale on the piano. He put a new record on the phonograph and shut it off after only a few strains had resounded. After a period during which he broke an ash tray and burnt a hole in the rug, he grumbled his way to bed.

Mrs. Fothergill flew to the 'phone. "Oh, mother," she exulted over the wire, "I've wonderful news for you. Fred is showing signs of temperament again. I'm sure he's on the eve of some wonderful work!"

Brockway, the unknown bookkeeper, stalked into the foyer of his standardized flat and viciously slammed the door. Voicing a peremptory demand for supper, he passed his wife without kissing her. His son and heir Brock-



"Petie! Petie! Is that nice?"



"Collar buttons are hard to find, eh, Reverend?"

way ignored entirely, and when the tot turned to tears Brockway roared a mighty double-entry oath. Cigar ashes dropped to the carpet but Brockway, usually careful about the house, was unperturbed. He scarcely ate his supper and when the dessert came he rose and left the table. He retreated to the living room where he scanned the evening papers for a while and then went off to bed without a word to any one.

Mrs. Brockway dashed across the street to her mother. "Mama," she wept, "Ben came home like a tyrant today. Either he's been drinking again or he doesn't love me any more. If he continues, I'll leave him, I surely will!"

—A. L. L.

The Dog Wins

In a radio debate recently the question was whether the dog or the cow is man's best friend. We've never seen a cow rush out to meet a man coming home from the office.

Great Minds at Work



Pretty girls are delightful creatures, but they are not necessarily the noblest works of God.

—J. B. Priestley.

The Wall Street worm turned and bit

the bear, busy attacking values. The bear was squeezed and didn't like it. However, there will be another day, since the bear was only bitten, not slaughtered.

—Arthur Brisbane.

I don't know any good people. I don't know any bad people. I just know people.

—Judge Ben. B. Lindsey.

The past is a bucket of ashes.

—Carl Sandburg.

Divorce? It is iniquitous.

But so is marriage. One is as bad as the other. And as long as you have marriages you will have divorces.

Do away with them both.

—Cosmo Hamilton.

I always like to dip my bread in my coffee at breakfast.

—King Albert.

Blondes have to keep cleaner than brunettes.

—Norma Shearer.

I believe in grumbling.

—E. W. Howe.

I hope I never write a masterpiece, because a masterpiece sells only after you're dead.

—Joan Lowell.

I side with my country, right or wrong.

—Sinclair Lewis.

Having to listen to Walter's gags every day is almost as bad as being a wife to a salesman.

—Mrs. Walter Winchell.



"By the way, dear, have you any idea where you packed the hair-pins?"

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

WORSE than a crime—a blunder, is the offense charged against Robert H. Lucas, the likable and handsome Republican counterpart of Jouett Shouse in the Republican National Committee. The idea of thinking that \$4,000 spent in Nebraska would even make a dent in George W. Norris' majority is so fantastic that one wonders the Republican Party salvaged anything out of the wreck last November, if that is a sample of the intelligence displayed.

The big question in Washington, of course, is not so much what prompted Mr. Lucas in making what he says was a personal contribution to the anti-Norris cause, but WHO directed him to do it. The generally accepted theory, it so happens, is one that cannot be proved, and probably never will be, certainly so long as Mr. Lucas is willing to take the rap himself.

Of course, there has been no doubt since election that the Supreme Command in the Republican organization, which is Mr. Hoover himself, would like a housecleaning so far as the General Staff of the party was concerned. Not even Mr. Lucas' statement the day after election that the result was a "vindication" of the Administration headed that off. Though there were a few who suggested that Lucas might succeed Fess as national chairman.

As this is written it seems to be the plan to have Ray Benjamin of California, for many years the political brains of the Sam Shortridge organization, follow in the footsteps of Dr. Work,

Claudius Huston and Senator Simeon D. Fess as chairman of the G. O. P. Betting odds on how long he will last are not available, but there is one complication. Whatever the folks out in California may think of Senator Shortridge, and some of this thought does not run toward eulogies, there is a very general impression that Benjamin has a very shrewd political brain. If you remember the first *Literary Digest* poll in 1924, it showed a very close race between Coolidge and La Follette in California. When the election was held Coolidge had an enormous lead. Benjamin's skill in frightening the Californians over what might happen if the election were thrown in the House had considerable to do with that change.

So if something happens which might make it necessary, say six months or a year from now, to add Benjamin to the Hoover political ghosts, it may well be that a lot of folks out in the Grape Concentrate state will begin wondering if it isn't Hoover's fault that his national chairmen are so short-lived.

As if California should ever reach the mental state of New York's apple sellers, who are reported to be blaming Hoover when charitable purchasers discover worms in their apples, it will be just too bad. For California will have 47 delegates to the next Republican convention.

What is this curse that afflicts Hoover's selections to head his party organization? Poor Dr. Work, the national chairman picked to run the campaign, lost favor when he urged a woman for the Hoover Cabinet. Claudius Huston

was exposed as a lobbyist who banked contribution from the interests in his margin account. Dr. Fess serenely observed the Morrow 300,000 majority in the New Jersey Republican primary and insisted that prohibition was not an issue. Whereupon his own state led all the rest in the Union in taking a crack at the Administration. And poor Lucas, his second in command, is exposed as not only giving money to beat George Norris, but trying to do it secretly!

One is moved to warn Benjamin that he lives in the home state of Hiram Johnson, who hates Hoover and all his works, and would be delighted to humble anyone who serves him.

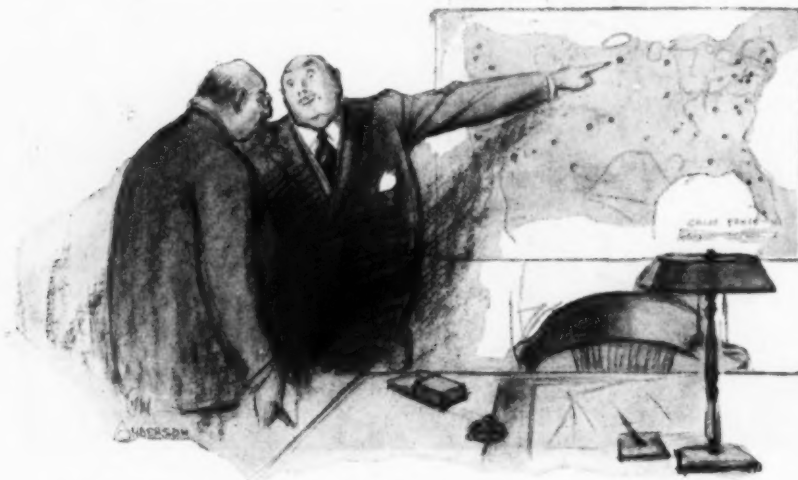
In the last presidential election two Democratic senators bolted Smith for Hoover, and two Republican senators bolted Hoover for Smith. The Democrats were Heflin, of Alabama, and Simmons, of North Carolina. An indignant organization denied Heflin even the right to run in the Democratic primary, and beat him badly when he ran as an independent. Simmons ran in the Democratic primary, but was badly beaten as a result of his having aided in turning the electoral vote of the Old North State over to the wicked Republicans.

But Norris, though he bolted to Smith, is not only not punished, but a Republican who attempted rather feebly to hurt him is now politically disgraced. And nothing will happen to Senator Blaine, of Wisconsin, who also bolted to Smith, until some member of the La Follette family wants his place.

The answer to this strange enigma may be that when a Democrat in the South bolts something happens, whereas when a Republican in the Northwest does, nothing comes of it. Strong as Norris is when he runs himself, one could not discover by examining the election returns of Nebraska in 1928 that the Republicans were not united and enthusiastic for the ticket. Nor did Blaine's bolt in Wisconsin affect the Hoover majority to an extent appreciable to the naked eye.

But Simmons really delivered 12 electoral votes to Hoover in North Carolina, as did Bishop Cannon in Virginia. And they do say in Alabama that if an honest count of the vote could have been obtained Hoover would have won those electoral votes also.

So maybe it's all right to be a bad boy, if you only make faces, and do not actually break the furniture.



"And this is good old Jack Craig. You'll like him tremendously."

Down the River!

"Lawdy, Rastus, dese are powerful bad times come upon us."

"Mandy, ain't it de truff? She looks bad foah me. Ah heah somebody bought George for fifty dollahs yesterday, and dey's goin' to take him to Kentucky and make him work in a cotton field."

"Yessah, and dat ain't all. Dey took mah wife today. Yessah. Bought her foah thirty dollahs, and dey's goin' to lug her up Nawth somewhere to cook."

"Lawdamassy, it's terrible. Worse dan it was befoah Lincoln—much worse, Mandy, because look what dey've gone and done to de colored folks dat's playin' in dat big show in New York. Dey's stopped payin' 'em wages, and dey's makin' 'em give three pufformances ev'ry day! An' if dey tries to get out of it, dey gets flogged—dat's what dey do! Yessah, we's all slaves again, just like we all was long ago."

"Well, Rastus, you know why it happened."

"Ah sure do; it was all on account of dat damn judge in New Jersey discovering dat de eighteenth amendment was uncons-uncons-ti-tutional, so what does dat damn judge in Alabama do but declare dat if dat's so den de thirteenth one is unconstitutional too, because it was passed de same way!"

"Yeah, Rastus, it sho is terrible wid slavery de law of de land again, and de worst of it is dat us women ain't got a thing to say about it because a judge in Califawnia has just vetoed de nineteenth amendment too!"

—P. C.



"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher."

Timely

New York's latest speakeasy killing must have been done by someone on the inside. They picked the exact hour when the cops were out to lunch.

Get the Particulars

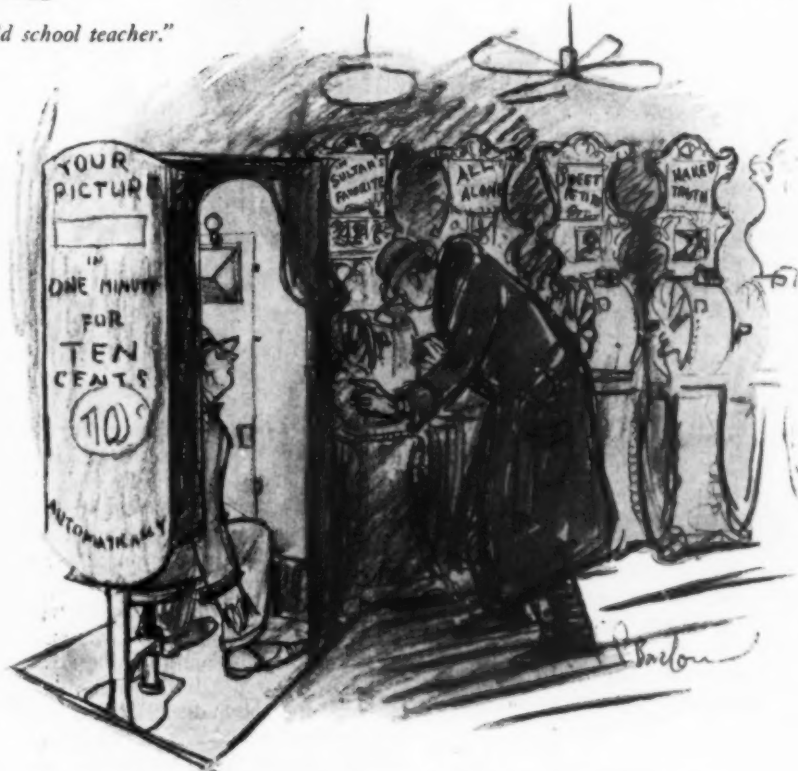
"What was Mrs. Gab talking to you about?"

"Oh, business."

"I know. But whose?"

True Confessions

Some of these business men welcome the few dollars they get from writing their success stories, these days!



"Say, she has a familiar face. What was that woman's name who used to teach our school?"

Theatre · by Baird Leonard

FLORENCE REED has, more or less unfortunately, a public which likes to see her embellished with the trappings of this world. Dripping with bracelets and shackled by expensive anklets she could walk down stage somewhere in the second act of "Chu Chin Chow" and ask, "O ye, who dwell in walled cities, what do ye know of love?" (a question which, by the way, I could have stopped the show by standing up and answering) and get away with the honours of a spectacle which properly belongs to history. As a high priestess of sin in "The Shanghai Gesture," she not only enmeshed an avid citizenry but was able to pass the censorship jury which Mr. Joab Banton, the current district attorney, who was attempting to quash offenses against the public morals without being able to define them (and I know whereof I speak, because I served on one of his panels and put the question to him directly). But when Miss Reed comes out with a drab characterization which is really great, the critics and townspeople pass her by, with perhaps a few kind words for her part in the proceedings and an expression of astonishment that she should be at all concerned with them. I am referring to her performance in "Purity." Her rôle is, of course, theatrically unappealing, especially to male reviewers, because amorous desire is sternly denied behind the footlights to women who are not patently youthful and charming. But somehow this story of an elderly charwoman (and forty-one is the age which the playwright has chosen to put beyond the pale of human possibilities—ha-ha!) who mothered a feckless youth and later discovered, by a psychological process which scientists tell me is quite natural, that her affection for him was not exactly maternal, was more interesting to me than many of the season's offerings which are doing better at the box office. (That sentence may sound a bit clumsy, but don't forget that even John Milton himself once wrote "Than whom, Satan except, none higher sat.") And wouldn't it be a pleasure occasionally to see Richard Bird playing something besides a cad?

THOROUGHLY besprent with the charming perfume which Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld so kindly and unex-

pectedly sent me—and since the label on the box bespoke it as the world's most lasting scent, I thought for a moment, with holiday hospitality what it is, that it might not be a bad idea to swallow some of it—I went to see "The Truth Game," which stars Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Ivor Novello. The most pertinent—or perhaps impertinent—thing I can say about Mr. Novello, who wrote the piece, is that he makes Narcissus seem like a man hiding behind a tree. This is the second time we have seen him this year in parts written for himself, parts so obese that only a mother could beam with satisfaction on efforts which, slightly less self-concentrated, might meet with the casual

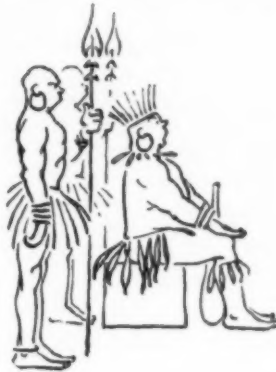
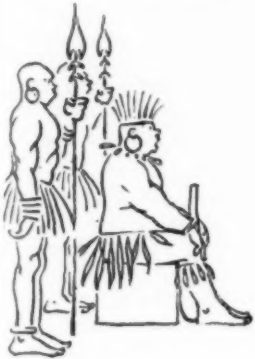
a lovely, twittering woman who profits, at ten per cent, by her rich friends' patronage of shops which she recommends. I am happy to say that she performs admirably, and that her celebrated looks are still with her. Miss Foster is cast as the end and aim of Mr. Novello's desire, and seems so appealing and dresses so exquisitely that she bears up well under all the dialogue devoted to her record as a heart-smasher. Her resistance to Mr. Novello's importunities is probably stressed in order to make his own final triumph over them the greater, and right now, yielding meanly to an impulse which the holiday spirit was bidding me check, I am going to tell you that he has even written part of his own rôle in French.



approval of a worldly audience. In fact, if this young man, with his apparent versatility and commercially valuable knowledge of Mayfair, had given more thought to the construction of a real comedy than to the creation of a rôle for himself which would make Adonis, Lothario and John Gilbert look like hicks in town on a holiday, such charming ladies as Miss Burke and Phoebe Foster might have fared a little better in the business, and the audience would have been spared a lot of talk which, although faintly incandescent at moments, did not coincide with what Aristotle taught us about dramatic construction. Miss Burke's rôle is that of

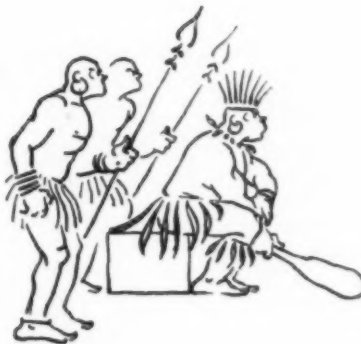
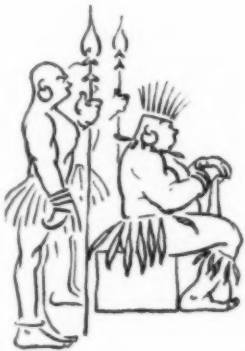
IT MUST be getting more and more difficult for the subscribers to stand the Theatre Guild's prosperity. When I am not looking gloomily at the picture of Brander Matthews upon which Oliver Herford, in a waggish moment, inscribed "To my dear Baird Leonard" (and by the way, what a hit *that* made with the young man who catalogued my library last week, thereby mixing me up for life on how to lay immediate hands on desirable volumes), I think of "Goat Song." There are other Guild errors on which I could ponder, but I was luckily spared the pain of viewing them. As Hal Skelly once remarked in a musical comedy, "Anybody is likely to make a mistake. That's why they put rubbers on leadpencils." I suppose the reason that people pick on the Guild more than on other producers who have failed them is that Guild is generally conceded to represent a certain amalgamated theatrical intelligence. Whatever inspired it to produce "Midnight" is beyond my comprehension. The performance was excellent, but the play was befuddled. It had to do with the foreman of a jury who had condemned a woman to death and who was hounded and beset by the tabloid newspapers beyond a point of which I believe even *them* capable. In the end, his daughter killed her gangster lover, and if the frame-up which was arranged by the district attorney to save her from the chair has a whiff of authenticity, then my own father was not one of the leading criminal lawyers in the state of Illinois.

How amusing it would be to find oneself among unenlightened savages. Think what awe and admiration any of us could inspire with all our intimate knowledge of —



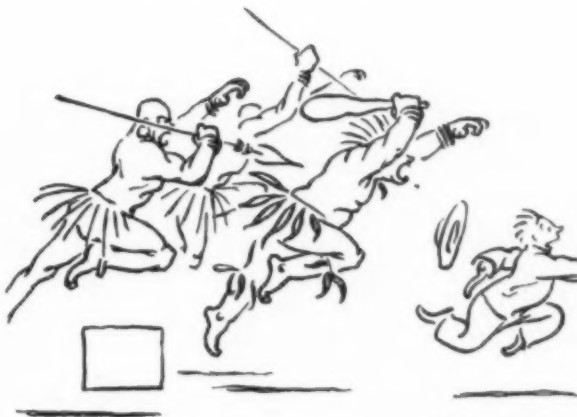
electricity! —

and automobiles!! —



and guns & explosives!!! —

and submarines!!!! —



Jorgensen

and radio!!!! —

and airplanes!!!!!!

Homo sapiens.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Reaching For The Moon"

THE advertisements of "Reaching For The Moon" state that Doug appears in "modern dress," which means that Douglas Fairbanks has discarded his costumes for the moment and appears as himself, which is, to our mind, the most attractive character he could possibly portray. The idea that he should always present himself in the fancy garb of some sort of intensely romantic figure has been a foregone conclusion ever since he appeared in the rôles of "Zoro" and "Robin Hood." The boxoffice figures from "Reaching For The Moon" will probably convince Doug and his advisors that the customers are attracted by the Fairbanks personality and not by trick costumes and fanciful adventure stories.

Not that the story of "Reaching For The Moon" isn't fanciful enough—in fact it is about as heterogeneous collection of situations ever attempted by one motion picture cast in a single evening. In one scene you will find Doug and his companions chasing each other about an ocean liner in the most approved Mack Sennett style, and in a few moments we find our hero tucked away in a corner of the ship making intense and very convincing love to Bebe Daniels. Elsie Janis wrote the additional dialog for the picture, and we will take a bet that she wrote the speech in this scene which starts off, "Now I know what a woman is . . ." The effectiveness with which Mr. Fairbanks delivers this and other difficult sentimental passages will surprise a great many people who remember him as a tree-climbing, fence-jumping Romeo, whose technique consisted principally of fighting his way to some lady fair and lugging her off to safety under one arm, with little or no comment.

The big laugh of the picture is cooked up by means of the ancient gag concerning love potions. Young man is bashful, so butler mixes drink to give him courage, putting therein powerful drug which imparts a brutally forceful initiative. Others partake of drink by chance with obvious results. The idea is used to provide a situation during which Doug could leap about and be athletic, which he does with as much grace and zest as he did many

years ago. And the audience loves it.

Next to the star in importance is that splendid comedian, Edward Everett Horton, who plays the rôle of Doug's valet. Here again we run into a familiar situation as the servant instructs the master in the art of love-making, but as in the love-drink business, the excellence of the acting and direction makes it seem almost original. Be sure to listen for a line by an electrician who comes in to replace a globe while Doug and Everett are rehearsing. It is one of the biggest laughs of the evening.

The title of the picture refers to the hero's activities on Wall Street. He is a big gambler—deals in thousands of shares—worth millions—whole life given over to money-making—dozens of telephones on his desk—no time for women. Then Bebe comes along. She makes a bet she can crash his office and make him like it. He likes it but she is engaged to an Englishman. He goes after her in the dynamic Fairbanks manner and the results are as entertaining a collection of cinema hash as we have consumed in a long while.

The inconsistencies of the film are startling. For instance, there are several scenic effects taken aboard the ocean liner which are phoney to the point of being amateurish. One of these pieces of stage architecture has the ocean in the background, and you may be amazed at the impression of dim dark shapes in the distance which resemble trees growing in mid-Atlantic. The story, as we have said before, skips about until you get a bit groggy, but on occasions that the film seems to be going into a flat spin, the welcome Fairbanks personality comes along and sets things right.

Lovers of fixtures and furnishing of the extreme moderne school will be agog over the trimmings and doo-dads on the ocean-liner and in Doug's office. The only things we have seen to compare with this display of decorative fireworks are the bars in certain speak-easies in the Fifties between Sixth and Seventh Avenue.

"Reaching For The Moon" is by far the best thing Doug has done in the talkies, and we feel sure you'll like it.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed the film, deserves as much applause as the star.

"Sunny"

SUNNY is considerably more entertaining than most of these All-Singing, All-Dancing, All-Wet and All-Washed-Up talkies.

The one important thing about "Sunny" is the appearance of Joe Donahue in the rôle that his brother Jack played on the stage. You will remember that Jack died recently, leaving a vacancy in the theatrical world which may never be filled. However, it is interesting to note how closely Joe resembles his famous brother, how well he imitates his dancing style, and how many of Jack's characteristic gestures and mannerisms he has perfected. Dance experts say that, technically, Joe is just as great a dancer as Jack ever was—which may be true, but he will have to develop Jack's tricks of selling his steps, while Joe was understudying his brother in Broadway stage productions he had many friends who insisted that, given the opportunity, he would develop into another Jack Donahue. He may not go this far, but if his performance in "Sunny" is any criterion, we predict a successful career.

The star of "Sunny" is Marilyn Miller, who is also appearing in the Ziegfeld show, "Smiles" . . . at least she was when this was written. Miss Miller dances with a dainty pleasantness that seems to be sufficiently entertaining to keep her among the headline names. She is also pretty. Her final qualification as a star is a voice that carries the tunes and hits the notes but always gives us the impression that it was trained against its will. But then, what can you expect? Miss Miller can dance on her toes, can't she? Did you ever hear Albertina Rasch sing?

Most of the music in the original score of "Sunny" has been scrapped for tunes "written especially for the production." Of the old familiar tunes you will probably recognize only the justly well-known, "Who."

Lawrence Gray, who plays opposite Miss Miller, seems strangely ill at ease for some reason not perceptible to the naked eye. Mr. Gray is usually prepossessed to a marked degree. O. P. Heggie is excellent as Miss Miller's father.

Most people will enjoy "Sunny."

War Stories For My Nephew

I'd like to tell you how, my boy, when
in the Philippines
I captured twenty murd'rous blacks and
brought them back to camp
And won the admiration of my pals in
the Marines
But when that fight was boiling I was
just a little scamp.

Or keep you twisting on your chair
with tales of Over There
How I brought down single-handed
twenty Fokkers from the sky
And won a mess of medals and the
usual Croix de Guerre
But I was only twelve then. It would
be a frightful lie.

You'd better hunt up grandpop, he's
got lots of nifty tales
Of his Civil War heroics, in the good
old days of yore.
I hope he scares you half to death'n
when I hear your wails
I'll laugh, because in 'Sixty-One,
Grandpop was only four!
—Ed Graham.



"Will you join us in a cup of coffee?"

Success

A broker has purchased from the late Lucky Baldwin's estate jewels valued at \$1,000,000. At last the "buy now" campaign is showing results.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *soars* with an *m* and get a swamp.
- (2) Scramble *mince* with an *o* and get an annuity.
- (3) Scramble *stonier* with an *a* and get a brunette.
- (4) Scramble *scooter* with a *b* and get some autumn months.
- (5) Scramble *supper* with an *o* and get something to keep you going.

(Answers on Page 31)



Directors' meeting—1931.

Life at Home



NEW YORK—Modernization of the Twenty-third Psalm is urged by Dr. Jesse H. Holmes, professor of philosophy, Swarthmore College, who believes the phrase "The Lord is My Shepherd" to be meaningless to the modern city dweller.

He suggests the following as substitutes:

"The Lord is my automobile's low gear to help me in climbing hard hills.

"The Lord is my antiseptic in times of dangerous epidemics.

"The Lord is my dynamo to charge my run down batteries.

"The Lord is sunlight in my room bringing me the health of ultra-violet rays."

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Beards were once required to be worn by officers of the U. S. Army. Also, at Fort Riley, Kansas, officers were prohibited from roping and riding buffaloes, and barrels of whiskey were the prizes offered in troop competitions.



WASHINGTON—A lawsuit arose as the result of a motorist driving his truck onto the tracks of a railroad causing the derailment of an engine and five freight cars. The railroad sued the motorist for \$30,000 and won a verdict of \$10,000.

WISE, VA.—Now the ever resourceful bootlegger has hit on something new to avoid arrest. While at Flat Rock, Sheriff H. W. Culbertson learned that a big still was in operation at Speer's Ferry. As the Sheriff started out on the raid all the church bells began tolling. No one was found when the still was raided.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—J. C. Lyons, police patrol wagon driver, drove his wagon into a telephone pole, arrested himself, told the arresting officer (himself) he was driving only eighteen or twenty miles an hour, then released himself on his own recognizance.



CHICAGO—Emmett Philips, hot dog stand and filling station proprietor, found oil spouting from a hole in his cellar at the rate of several barrels a day. He joyfully sent it to a laboratory for analysis, and they reported that it was pure gasoline leaking in from his adjacent tanks.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Marion Wilkenwitz, a chauffeur, was arraigned before Judge Gray in city court charged by Patrolman Edward Cunningham with driving while intoxicated.

"Why did you think this man was intoxicated?" asked the prosecutor.

"Because he had a glassy look in his eye," said Cunningham.

Maurice Zuckert, counsel for the defendant, leaped to his feet.

"Is that the reason you think he was intoxicated? Because he had a glassy look in his eye?" he asked.

"Yes," said the patrolman.

"I move," said Zuckert, "that the case be dismissed. My client's left eye is a glass one."

PITTSBURGH—Horses, cows and chickens are an excellent guide for aerial navigation, the T. A. T. & Western Air Express say. If the animals are frightened by a plane it is off its course, as those on regular routes are now indifferent to planes.

NEW YORK CITY—If your child is perfect he (or she) will: Come to school willingly. Knock down little girls when they try to snatch his hat. Sing songs and compose them. Go up and down stairs on all fours. Gallop. Walk steadily. Always remember events that happened the year before. He doesn't lick his dish, nor does he try to bite people. He will correct his parents, but never strike them. These are some of the rules given out by the Bureau of Publications of Teachers College, Columbia University, to help mothers determine how nearly perfect their children (from two to five years old) are.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—A court order restraining John Webster's roosters from crowing between 10 P. M. and 7:30 A. M. has been signed by Vice Chancellor John J. Fallon.

The injunction was issued at the behest of George Becker, a neighbor of Webster in Ridgefield, who said the crowing disturbed his sleep and injured his health.

"Will the court inform me," Webster asked after the injunction had been signed, "how I am to keep my roosters from crowing?"

"You'll have to figure that out for yourself," the court answered.



NEW BRUNSWICK—The officials of New Brunswick revived a blue law to forbid the transportation of bread and rolls on Sunday, but the smart delicatessen dealers went the officials one better. They drove their own cars outside the city limits, met the bread truck and obtained supplies. One store displayed this sign: "Fresh bootleg rolls, smuggled across the Highland Park border."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 32

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The Bible story as it appears to the negro—beautifully and amusingly done.
- ★UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Masque*. \$3.00—Young love in Greenwich Village.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$4.40—The one and only Frank Craven as a theatrical manager.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol.—\$4.40—10,000 laughs at Hollywood with one of the authors—George Kaufman—in the cast.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' swell show of three ex-chorines making their way.
- ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Charming play of the troubles encountered when a lady cannot look more than 28 years for 3 generations.
- CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her group doing some excellent work way down on 14th Street.
- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—Lenore Ulric can make any melodrama glamorous.
- ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace has a horse laugh at our esteemed Chicago gangsters.
- ★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Love and bill-collecting in England—when the debtor(ess) is charming.
- ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt make an historical romance a thing to be remembered.
- ★GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—Whether for the settings, the acting or the play, this is more than worth while.
- ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Helen Gahagen has the "Grand passion" for her art's sake.
- ★ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.85—Jane Cowl and company take up their cudgels against artistic folks.
- ★THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Mary Boland as a feather-brained woman with a romantic imagination for the past.
- ★OH PROMISE ME! *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Lee Tracy blackmails an elderly philanderer with no evidence—in a nice, broad farce.
- ★FIRST NIGHT. *Eltzinger*. \$3.00—The audience takes part in this play-within-a-play mystery melodrama of Sing Sing, the governor and a devoted sister.

- ★THIS IS NEW YORK. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—The lovely Lois Moran in Robert Sherwood's exciting comedy of contemporary New Yorkers and the senator from South Dakota.
- ★OVERTURE. *Longacre*. \$3.00—An interesting discussion of revolution and the workers.
- ★PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Empire*. \$3.85—Helen Hayes uses charm and blackmail on Henry Stephenson to get her husband a promotion.
- ★LIFE IS LIKE THAT. *Little*. \$2.50—Sex, sex, sex—and a murder. Not cheap at \$2.50.
- ★INSPECTOR GENERAL. *Hudson*. \$3.00—Gogol's farce of civic corruption and an impending investigation—fairly done. With Dorothy Gish.
- ★PURITY. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Florence Reed scrubs floors in France for an ungrateful young man.
- MIDNIGHT. *Guild*. \$3.00—A play by Claire and Paul Sifton with Linda Watkins, Glenn Anders, Josephine Hull and Harriet MacGibbon.
- ★THE QUEEN AT HOME. *Times Square*. \$3.00—A comedy by Shirley Warde and Vivian Crosby with Sylvia Field.
- ★FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort*. \$3.00—A play by Louis Weitzenkorn, with Arthur Byron and Berton Churchill.
- ★BROWN BUDDIES. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Fast-moving all-colored show with pep—and Bill Robinson tap-dancing.
- ★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—That grand trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb—in a great revue.
- ★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music—with comedy by Willie Howard and "Blues" by Ethel Merman. Don't miss the cowboy quartet!
- ★SWEET AND LOW. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$5.50—Fannie Brice, George Jessel and James Barton in a low—and sometimes hilarious revue.
- ★SMILES. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Just a leetle bit disappointing. But the Astaires and Marilyn Miller can get along without book or music.
- ★THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Step up, folks—they're all here—Clayton, Jackson and Durante: Frances Williams: Hope Williams: Waring's Pennsylvanians—in a mildly raucous revue.
- ★BALLYHOO. *Hammerstein*. \$5.50—W. C. Fields does his best for a not-so-bright show.
- ★MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—The Shubert's newest with George Grossmith and Bettina Hall.

Musical

- ★NINA ROSA. *Majestic*. \$5.50—A dependable regulation musical-locale-Mexico, with a real plot and lots of action. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry and Armida.
- ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$6.60—A swell show—with Joe Cook as crazy and loony as he can be.

Records

Brunswick

"HONEY JUST FOR YOU"—Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds of Joy. One of those tunes you can't put your finger on—but if you have a sense of rhythm you'll enjoy it.

(Continued on Page 28)



"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE"

Helen Hayes leads Reginald Owen on with her grin and gin hoping he will divulge helpful scandal concerning Henry Stephenson—while that gentleman, unaware of the monkey business, relaxes the body on his pet sofa. At

the right Eric Crowley, also blissfully ignorant of Miss Hayes' blackmail plot, looks up the country to which he hopes to be sent as minister by Henry. But needless to say, the guy who gets the job is Helen's young husband.

The Family Album



SKIPPY

1. The revolution of the soul.



Reprinted from Lure, July 30, 1925

II. The revolution of the soul.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



HER FATHER: *I'm going to wipe the floor with you.*

UNSUCCESSFUL SUITOR: *Well, you might at least let me slip home and change. You'll get a much better polish with my flannel suit.*
—Humorist.

What many people would like to know this winter is whether any Florida hotel will take a guest on margin.
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

IMPATIENT TRAVELLER: It's a con-founded nuisance—these trains are always late.

STATION MASTER: But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting-rooms if the trains were always on time?
—The Outspan.

"Congratulations, my boy!"
"But you just said that I flunked out of medical school."
"Ah, but think of the lives you have saved."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

BUS DRIVER: Madam, that child will have to pay full fare. He is five years of age.

MADAM: But he can't be. I have only been married four years.

BUS DRIVER: Never mind the true confessions; let's have the money.
—Wabash.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT (News Items)

AMARILLO, Tex. — After her concert here, Mary Garden told interviewers that people here were "the queerest I have ever seen in my life."

—Ted Cook in the N. Y. American.

NEW YORK— Mary Garden, opera star, has revealed her plans to make a trip over the Island of Corsica on a mule this winter.

HUSBAND: I dreamt last night that I was in a large store, buying a Christmas present for your mother.

WIFE: Really, was it jewelry?

HUSBAND: It couldn't have been. I was in the poisonous drugs department!
—Humorist.

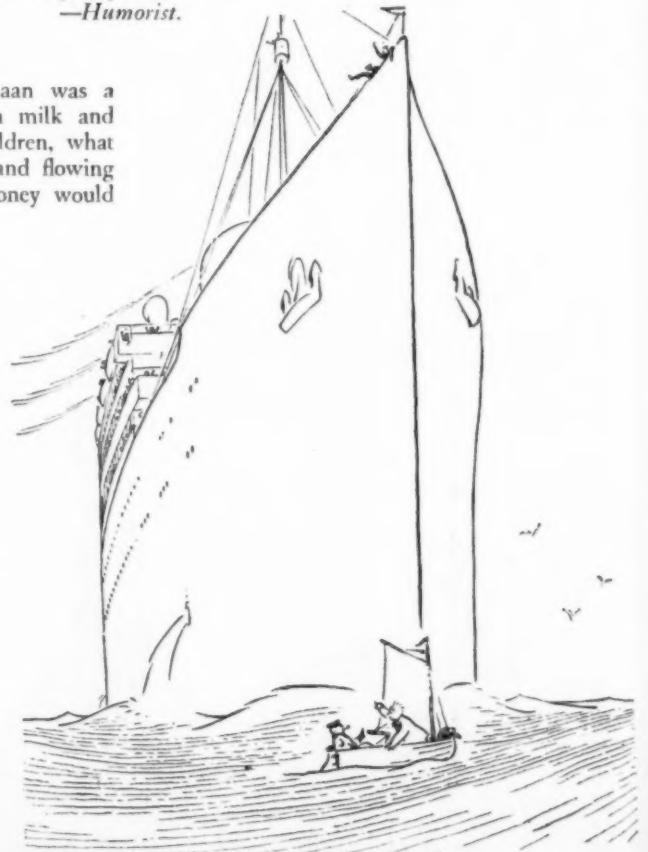
TEACHER: Canaan was a land flowing with milk and honey. Now, children, what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?

LITTLE CHESTER (age 24): Sticky.

—University of Texas Longhorn.

"Scarface" Al Capone has opened soup-kitchens for the "down-and-outs" of the Chicago underworld; but it is not believed that distress is so serious that in desperation at their inability to obtain regular criminal employment many are taking to honest work.

—Punch.



"It's quite all right, my dear fellow. You see, everything has to give way to a sailing-vessel."
—Punch (by permission).

CUSTOMER: I don't like the flies in here.

WAITER: Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow.

—Penn State Froth.

The secretary of a huge store, obviously upset, dashed into the manager's office.

"Good gracious, man," snapped the latter, "whatever's happened?"

The secretary calmed down somewhat.

"It's Robinson, our traveller," he explained. "Used most insulting language. Told me to fry my face, and he said that you could go and chase yourself."

"He did, did he?" snapped the manager. "We'll fire him without ceremony. Let's see, he's been with us for five months. What business has he done in that time?"

"A hundred pounds the first month," said the secretary, reading from a book, "£500 the next month, £3,000 the next, and £9,000 the next."

"H'm," murmured the manager thoughtfully, "I often think I ought to take a little more exercise, and I dare say the caretaker will give you a frying-pan."
—Pearson's.



THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph Hergesheimer. *Alfred Knopf, Inc.*, \$2.50. Exposing to gracious readers his versatility, J. H. here slips backward from his last modernistic novel, *Party Dress*, to an American historical tale. Scene: Kentucky of Daniel Boone, and then forward a century. The usual disadvantage of keeping up the interest in a story of succeeding generations is here mitigated by the excellent writing; yet it is not wholly easy reading.

...

PORTRAIT OF CAROLINE, by Sylvia Thompson. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$2.50. This is easy reading. British country society, amazingly good fencing dialogue, the not extraordinary love entanglements of a somewhat lone man with another man's wife, but so extraordinarily well done as to lift it far above the commonplace. And somehow we never really get tired in English stories of the way everybody calls everybody "darling."

...

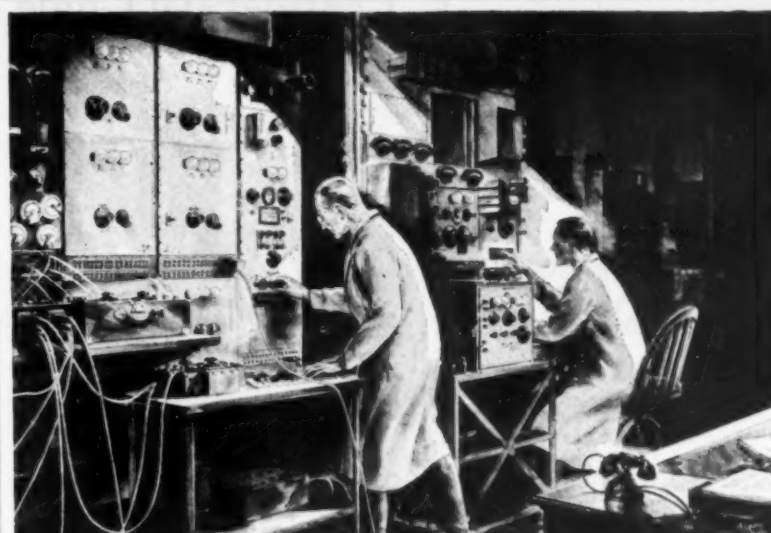
THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates. *Macaulay*, \$3. The author has done us a good turn in lifting the curtain from our pioneer days, showing up some of our bad men of the past: more than this, making a book about America undiluted with alien influences, written with an engaging art. One wonders whether our numerous gunmen of today are the pathological descendants of these vividly drawn villains.

...

WHISTLER: THE FRIEND, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, \$3. (With a number of Whistler reproductions, and others.) Charming tribute to the great artist, by perhaps his best woman friend, and also much needed, in justice to his memory. Her account of how she secured his letters is exciting. One of those books to have and to hold.

...

THE ADVENTURE OF SCIENCE, by Benjamin Finzburg. *Simon & Schuster*, \$5. Among so many recent books on science (some of them illegally dull) it is a pleasure to note that this one is, one might say, deliberately diverting: from Pythagoras to Einstein the wonders never cease.



THE STEADY SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS OF THE BELL LABORATORIES SHOWS IN THE EVER-INCREASING QUALITY AND SCOPE OF YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE

To clear all barriers for the human voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES, Incorporated, is the scene of a progressive conquest of natural forces that aims to let you speak clearly, quickly and cheaply to any one, anywhere in the land and even to distant countries. More than 5000 scientists and assistants are busy there and elsewhere in the Bell System studying the problems of sound transmission. Its work is the growing foundation of the telephone art; and it has, besides, helped to make possible the radio, sound pictures and special apparatus for the medical profession.

Among its achievements are the underground cables which make city telephone service possible, better and faster long distance service, service to ships at sea, and to millions of telephones beyond the seas.

The steady scientific progress of the Bell Laboratories shows in the ever-increasing quality and scope of your telephone service. Its new developments in every type of equipment clarify and speed up your telephone talks and give you more and better service at low rates. Every advance it makes is available throughout the Bell System.

The Bell System is an American institution owned by more than 500,000 stockholders. It places before you the benefits of its technical achievements and the co-ordinated efforts of more than 400,000 trained workers. It accepts its responsibility to further the development and welfare of the nation by furnishing the public the best of telephone service at the least cost consistent with financial safety.



THIS THING CALLED BROADCASTING, by Messrs. Goldsmith and Lescarboua. *Henry Holt & Co.*, \$3.50. All about the radio and its operation, and written in a style perfectly tuned in with the studio atmosphere, with agreeably informing photograph reproductions. In spite of the fact that it reeks with facts and figures, dates and stations, a highly interesting compendium and useful, except that it doesn't tell, when you drop in to your neighbor's for the evening, how you can persuade him to turn off his set.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, by Henry James. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, 2 vols., \$10. The author explains that he has not been subsidized to write this book, and the book shows it. Prexy Eliot is drawn with a free hand; we can walk around him and view him from all angles: character, personality, humor, rigidity and rangeability; recognizing him, in this sane perspective, as one of our greatest. This biography perhaps the best in 1930.

—Thomas L. Masson.

On winter nights...



NEARLY every one likes an extra bite to eat just before going to bed. Usually, you raid the refrigerator and fill up on foods that overtax your digestion and keep you awake.

How much better it is to help yourself to a crisp Kellogg Cereal! Easy to get ready—all you have to do is to pour them out of the package and float them in milk or cream. Easier on your stomach—because they are so light and easy to digest.

Just as a trial, start with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Try this bedtime snack soon. They're full of health and appetite zest. And they'll send you off to bed—contented and ready for a full night's sleep. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, PEP Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuit, Wheat Krumbs, Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep.

The MADISON

"NEW YORK'S VERY BEST"

HOTEL
and
RESTAURANT

CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"

Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZE - Mgr.



Abbott's

BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 23)

"TRAVELING THAT ROCKY ROAD"—Same gang. Not as good as the other side.

"THE MENDER OF BROKEN DREAMS"—Georgie Price singing his biggest. You'll be exhausted.

"THE SONG OF THE FOOL"—Mr. Price waxes melodramatic—also in full voice.

"THEM THERE EYES" and

"HURT"—Hal Kemo and His Orchestra have a crisp style that is pleasing even if the ensemble lacks fullness at times.

Victor

"CRYING MYSELF TO SLEEP" and

"YOU'RE THE ONE I CARE FOR" (slow fox-trot)—Bert Lownd and His Hotel Biltmore Orchestra presenting two numbers sufficiently interesting for you to give a trial. The Biltmore Trio and Elmer Feldkamp tell us the words.

Columbia

"BLUE AGAIN" and

"BUTTON UP YOUR HEART"—Two lyrical fox-trots in moderate tempo by the Ipana Troubadours with S. C. Lanin directing.

"WHO'S CALLING YOU SWEETHEART TO-NIGHT" and

"THE SONG OF THE FOOL"—Ben Selvin and His Orchestra. Ben proves that variety is easily gained by subordinating background to featured instrument, and by featuring each instrument in turn.

Sheet Music

"What Good Am I Without You" (No show)

"New Moon Tango" (No show)

"Would You Like To Take A Walk—Something Good Will Come From That" (Sweet and Low)

"The Man I Could Have Loved" (No show)

"Lonesome Lover" (No show)

"The Wind In The Willows" (No show)

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR'S WIFE:
Wait, John. Are you sure you've forgotten everything?

—Purple Parrot.



"Go ahead, Muriel, pick out a nice one."

(28)

I WANT MY MOTHER!



NEXT to a mother, the best friend a dog can have is an owner who knows Sergeant's Dog Medicines and knows how to use them.

The medicines most needed at this time of year are: Sergeant's Special Medicine for the reduction of fever in puppies and dogs, and Sergeant's Condition Pills, a tonic, alterative, and for loss of appetite.

A Famous Dog Book Free . . .

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose his ailments, administer treatments, feed him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. IT'S FREE.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina. If your dealer cannot supply Sergeant's Products, write us direct.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.

1300 W. Broad St.
Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto

\$250

EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "EUROPE".

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
821 Fifth Avenue, New York

Does Personal Cleanliness Stop at the HAIRLINE with you?

To be clean, odorless and comfortable, a man's head needs light shampooing frequently, which takes but a moment. Glo-co replaces natural oils and controls hair perfectly. Checks dandruff, too. No gummy feeling... No unnatural shine . . . 50¢ and 75¢ at all Drug Stores.

GLO-CO

UNSCENTED

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING



"Why don't she fall for me, Egbert
—is me nose doity?"

A lady relates in an evening paper that when her baby was born her dogs were so jealous that her husband gave them away. True dog-lovers would have given away the baby.

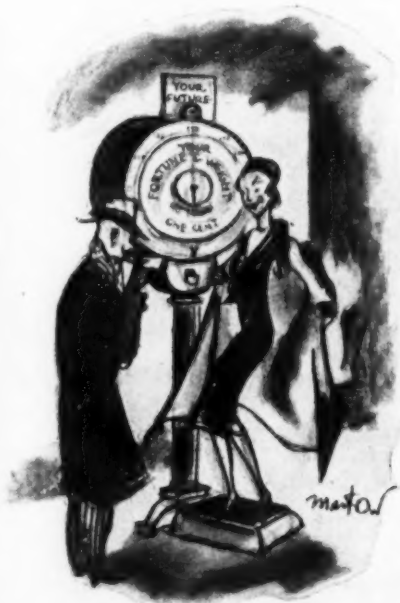
—Punch.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

"So you have been bedridden for three years?"

"Yes, the doctor came three years ago and said I was not to get up until he came again, and he hasn't returned yet."

—Karikaturen, Oslo.



"Now, I'd like to see what my future is with my coat off."



AN INVITATION

to all who find health and recreation aboard a motor boat; who greet the sea enthusiastically; who joy in luxurious swift transportation; who achieve peace and contentment cruising among myriad rivers and lakes:

an invitation is extended to visit the
STERLING EXHIBIT
at the
MOTOR BOAT SHOW
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
Fourth Floor

January 16 to 24, 1931

There, among marine surroundings, choose the engine that turns more economically, that propels faster, that serves faithfully and unobtrusively; being so designed and built that you can judge its qualities immediately.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY • BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

ASSISTANT: The lady over there wants to know if this woolen jumper will shrink. What shall I tell her?

FLOORWALKER: Does it fit her?

ASSISTANT: No, it's too large.

FLOORWALKER: Then certainly tell her it'll shrink.
—Pearson's.

A broker punished by a year's suspension from the Stock Exchange in June has had the suspension rescinded after six months. Probably the governors decided that the way to punish a broker these days is to make him continue in the brokerage business.

—New York Evening Sun.

SAM: The doctor says he will remove my appendix for \$1,200.

LOUISE: Oh, Sam, I'd much rather have a new auto.
—Pathfinder.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

MISTRESS: You had better have something to eat before you go, Mrs. Binks.

MRS. BINKS: No, thank you, miss; I don't feel very edible this morning.
—Tit-Bits.

A cinema which will show film subtitles in English, German, Russian and French is to be opened in Paris. London cinemas lag behind with only two languages—American and English.

—Humorist.



Business men and women must meet people face to face.

WRIGLEY'S sweetens the breath—cleans the teeth—keeps the mouth “young”

L151

“Cheerfulness:
Something We really Need
To Satisfy a Real Want.”



Do your part, therefore,
Subscribe to

Life

and satisfy your natural craving for the amusing idea, the cheerful thought, that will lighten care and depression. As the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean by each man sweeping before his own door, so let *your* smile make *your* own world brighter and happier! Read *LIFE* with its Laugh on Every Page for half a year, and note your gain in cheerfulness, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40).
Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
One Year \$5 Foreign \$6.60
LL 2

Life in Society



ROUNDING THE BUOY AT AGUA CALIENTE.

My Washcloth (Earle Ghandi up) moving into the lead at the home buoy in the Agua Caliente Handicap for thoroughbreds. *Miss America IV* (Gar Wood up) got away to a flying start but sank at the first turn and had to be destroyed.

Many eligible bachelors were seen on the bridal trails at Pinchurst yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Asperen will give a dinner-dance in the Seaglade of the St. Regis this evening for their granddaughter, Miss Barbara Asperen. Later the young people will go to the Robertson dance in the Egyptian Room, after going to their hip pockets in the Tile and Porcelain Room.

Countess Elaine Cora de Geuset, of Paris, is at the St. Moritz skating on very thin ice.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bassett Graffen will leave Red Stoop, Greenwich, Conn., on Thursday for El Voto, Tena Serenta, their place in Palm Beach, where they will remain until April. Their son, Robert Sykes Graffen, will be at the Greenwich Country Club, El Blotto, Vino Bacchante.

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 16.—New York visitors at the Marlborough Blenheim include Mr. and Mrs. William C. Easily and Mr. G. C. Lea.

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Meredith U. Wood.

Ambassador—James W. Gerard.

Senator—William E. Borah.

President—Herbert Hoover.

Madame Tina Cavette, singer, today joined the house party of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Lyon Merritt, accompanied by Mr. Grenville Story Bludgeon, toper, on the lemon squeezer.
—Jack Cluett.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 70



North, South, East, West.

Pearl C. Fennel,
Dept. of Modern Languages,
West Point, N. Y.

For explanation: Going to extremes
to play bridge literally.

James Kribs,
323 East 5th Street,
Fremont, Nebraska.

For explanation: The radio fan's
impression of a bridge game.

Willard F. Story,
Washington,
Ohio.

For explanation: The melting table.

H. Ramsbottom,
City Hall,
Calgary, Canada.

For explanation: A better under-
standing seems coming to the fore.



"One package of bandages, please."

STRANGE—THAT A HOME SO CHARMING
CAN BE BUILT IN SO SHORT A TIME

THERE is no hint of anything tempo-
rary or makeshift about a Hodgson
House. When it is finished, you feel a
suggestion of permanent grace, of
something solid and lasting. It looks
what it is—a vacation home designed
and constructed for much happy liv-
ing, through many seasons.

It is all the more remarkable that a
home so charming, so evidently perma-
nent, can be erected so quickly, and
with so little trouble. When you have
selected a floor-plan, we build your
Hodgson House in sections; ship it
ready to erect. In a few days it can be
put up by a little local labor . . . or,

if you prefer, we will send a construc-
tion foreman to take all the details off
your hands.

Many people of means are choosing
Hodgson Houses, even when price
doesn't count—simply because they of-
fer a logical escape from the usual
bother of building.

Our book L-1 gives pictures, plans,
prices, complete information. Write
for it today, to E. F. Hodgson Co., 1108
Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., or
730 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or
visit our new indoor display at the
New York address. Similar display
in Boston.



HODGSON HOUSES

PRISON GOVERNOR: I have to inform
you, No. 99, that you will be dis-
charged from this prison in three days'
time.

CONVICT: Lummy, what have I done
wrong now? —Pearson's.

HOSTESS: This is Captain Banks,
who has just returned from a visit to
the Arctic regions.

PRETTY GUEST: Oh, do come nearer
the fire, you must be cold. —Tit-Bits.

"Well, the depression can't last
forever."

BUSINESS MAN: No, neither can I.
—Pathfinder.

Answers to Anagrams

On Page 21

- (1) Morass.
- (2) Income.
- (3) Senorita.
- (4) Octobers.
- (5) Purpose.

(31)

COLDS
WILL ALWAYS WARN YOU

Some start with a sore
throat, some with a tick-
ling sensation—but no
matter what your warning,
treat your cold immedi-
ately and avoid illness.
Grove's Laxative BROMO
QUININE contains both
the tonic and laxative ele-
ments. Without
these ingredients
relief would be
only temporary.



Take 2 tablets every 2 or 3
hours for quick, pleasant relief.
30c a box at all drug stores.

Grove's Laxative
• BROMO •
QUININE
Tablets

LIFE'S

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS
WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

.....
(Name of Show)

..... (No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

.....
(Name)

.....
(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 75

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed; and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes February 6, 1931.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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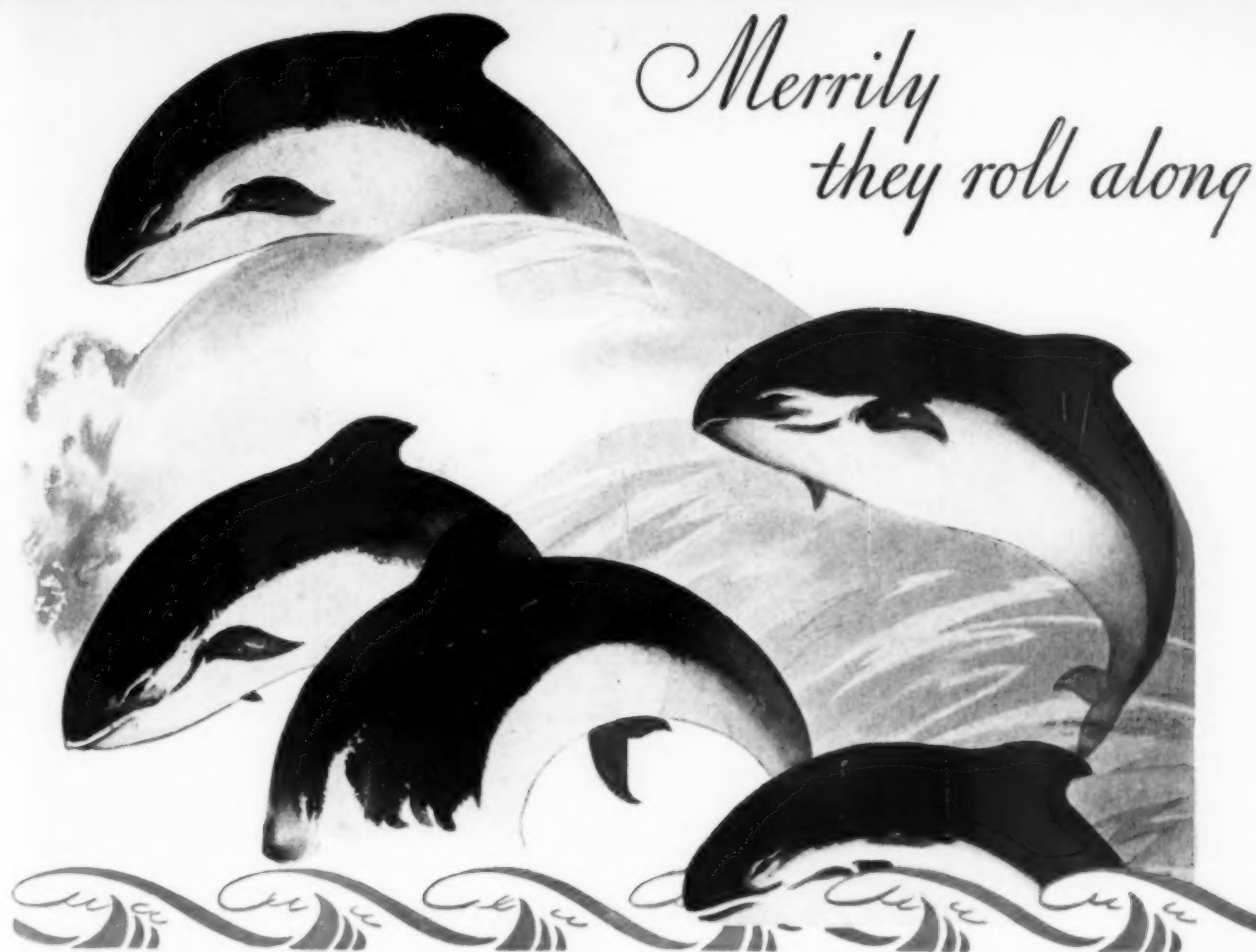


ACROSS

1. The man with the Hoe.
 8. These look very peaked in the winter.
 12. Not in its usual place.
 13. Order of Mary Immaculate.
 14. To gather in.
 15. A silent consonant.
 16. To steal away in the night.
 17. The frog family.
 18. What they do at the Information Bureau.
 19. All about nothing.
 20. How a camera man gets stunt pictures.
 21. It takes a lot of money to be this.
 23. To do one dirt.
 26. Bad temper at breakfast.
 27. A pea jacket.
 30. Arm of the Baltic Sea.
 31. Brazilian coin.
 32. A gangster prefers to do this alone.
 33. Yes, it is really so.
 34. Busy insect.
 35. Over and above.
 36. These are raised for women.
 37. These put a crimp in the sailmakers' union.

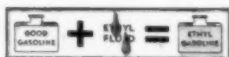
DOWN

 1. A regular party.
 2. Stuns with admiration.
 3. This is so strong it can knock you over.
 4. You will change color if you do this.
 5. Water wheel.
 6. This will make a horny handed laborer soft.
 7. Where Eve got her start.
 8. Party clothes.
 9. An opening for an escape.
 10. This usually has a sash around it.
 11. Springs.
 19. Her maiden name.
 20. Definite article.
 21. The ball and chain, pl.
 22. Old stuff.
 23. A wet wash.
 24. He originated public preaching.
 25. This man is so awkward he steps on his own feet.
 27. Sort of a waking dream.
 28. You can smell this coming.
 29. Where the three bears came from.
 31. Short napped fabric.
 32. Old fashioned New England drink.



*Merrily
they roll along*

Nature gave the porpoise ability to keep abreast of the fastest liner with playful ease. But Nature was not so kind to gasoline. In your motor, ordinary gasoline explodes unevenly, causing power-waste, "knocking" and overheating. To prevent this, 95 leading oil refiners today add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. It develops the best performance your motor was designed to give. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



*The active ingredients used in Ethyl
fluid is lead.*

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ETHYL GASOLINE

ONE WILL ALWAYS STAND OUT

*What it takes
to "get there"!*

IT'S a far cry from the conquest of the air to the making of a good cigarette, but a certain "singleness of purpose" distinguishes both.

Chesterfield takes the sure, straight course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette: milder and better taste:

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

for MILDER

BETTER TASTE



Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

They Satisfy
—that's Why!